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the ground that the man had received a pardon, and could be, therefore, considered a living witness again.

It was twenty-four years after the murder of Murty, namely, in the spring of 1830, that a woman was making her way across a stream running through a gentleman's grounds in the county of Sligo, when she was prevented by a caretaker, who obliged her to turn back.

"*Skirria sniurth*," exclaimed the woman with bitter earnestness, "but don't think, *durneen sollagh* (dirty Cuffe) but I know you well; an', thank God, any way ye can't murther us, as ye did Murty Lavan long ago."

Her words were heard by a policeman who chanced to be angling along the stream, and who promptly brought her into the presence of a magistrate, where, after the policeman had stated what he heard, she attempted at first to draw in her horns and retract her words.

"Well, my good woman," said the magistrate, "what expressions were those you used just now?"

"Ou, only some *ramask* (nonsense), yer honour."

"Did you not accuse a man of murder?"

"In ough, I dunno what I sed when the spalpeen gev us the round, and the vexation was upon us."

"You must speak to the point, woman."

"Wethen sure yer honour wouldn't be after mindin' what an oul' hag sed when she was in the passion."

"Policeman, repeat the expressions exactly."

The policeman repeated his former statement.

"Now swear the hag, and I warn her if she doesn't tell the whole truth, I will myself see her transported."

The woman, now thoroughly frightened, admitted that she knew the person who prevented her from crossing the stream to be Cuffe or Durneen, who was charged with having been the principal in the murder of Murty the Shaker. Cuffe was accordingly apprehended, and having been fully identified by Murty's wife, who was still in existence, having continued a pensioner of the Mayo grand jury since her husband's murder, was committed to the Mayo jail, to the astonishment and regret of his employer.

The extraordinary part of Cuffe's case seems to us not by any means that he should have been detected after the lapse of twenty-four years, but it does seem a singular fact indeed, that, notwithstanding a description of him in the *Hue and Cry* as the person who had struck the mortal blow with the hatchet, and the large rewards offered for his apprehension, he should have remained undiscovered for such a protracted period, so immediately adjacent to the scene of his crime. Most of our readers are aware that Sligo adjoins Mayo—nay, the barony of Tirawley, in which the murder was perpetrated, is only separated by the river Moy from the county of Sligo, so that one portion of the town of Ballina is in Mayo, and the other in Sligo; and yet, in all probability, were it not that Providence directed the steps of the woman to that stream for the first and last time in her life, he might have remained there undiscovered to the end of his natural life, which could not then be far distant, his head being completely silvered at the time of his apprehension.

While in prison, both before and after conviction, Cuffe's conduct, as it had been all along prior to his detection, was peaceful, obliging, and amenable, comporting much better with a pleasant and rather benevolent countenance, in which there did not seem to be a single line indicative of an evil disposition, than with the terrible crime he had been the principal in committing.

On the morning after M'Gennis had committed the extraordinary suicide detailed in a former number, in the same cell with him, Cuffe's gaze continued to be fastened, as if by fascination, on the body while it remained in the cell, and his countenance wore an expression resembling a smile of gratified wonder, as he frequently exclaimed in an under tone, "didn't he do it clever?" He strongly denied, however, as was before stated, having witnessed the suicide, or known anything of its being intended.

His own death was calm and easy: in fact he seemed to have died without a struggle; and so little did his punishment after such a lapse of years seem to be considered as a necessary atonement to justice, that we heard, during his execution, Murty's own brother, who was among the spectators, use the expression, that it was a pity so many lives should be lost for such a rascal.

We should have remarked that on the morning of his execution he requested of the benevolent and intelligent inspector to allow him a tea breakfast. Indeed, it is a curious consider-

ation that animal gratification seems to be the predominant object with a large proportion of persons on the eve of execution, when hope becomes as nearly extinct as it can become while life remains. In general, in such cases among the lower class, there is a petition for a meat dinner, or a tea breakfast, or both—a petition which, we need scarcely say, is in Ireland generally granted.

We recollect an instance where two persons under sentence were breakfasting together, just previous to their execution, having, among other materials, three eggs between them, when one of them, having swallowed his first egg rapidly, seized upon the other with the utmost greediness, while his companion eyed him with a sickly smile that seemed to say "you have outdone me to the last."

On another occasion we remember to have seen two convicts on a cart with the ropes about their necks, who were to be executed about fourteen miles from the prison, one of them bearing with him in his fettered hands the remains of a loaf he had been unable to finish at his breakfast, but still begged permission to take with him, as he purposed to eat it, and did so, on his way to the gallows. A.

**EVIL INFLUENCE OF FASHION.**—Never yet was a woman really improved in attraction by mingling with the motley throng of the fashionable world. She may learn to dress better, to step more gracefully; her head may assume a more elegant turn, her conversation become more polished, her air more distinguished; but in point of attraction she acquires nothing. Her simplicity of mind departs; her generous confiding impulses of character are lost; she is no longer inclined to interpret favourably of men and things; she listens, without believing, sees without admiring; has suffered persecution without learning mercy; and been taught to mistrust the candour of others by the forfeiture of her own. The freshness of her disposition has vanished with the freshness of her complexion; hard lines are perceptible in her very soul, and crows-feet contract her very fancy. No longer pure and fair as the statue of alabaster, her beauty, like that of some painted waxen effigy, is tawdry and meretricious. It is not alone the rouge upon the cheek and the false tresses adorning the forehead which repel the ardour of admiration; it is the artificiality of mind with which such efforts are connected that breaks the spell of beauty.—*Mrs Gore.*

**IMPOSSIBILITY OF FORGETTING.**—In these opium ecstasies, the minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived. I could not be said to recollect them; for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience. But, placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I recognised them instantaneously. I was once told by a near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the critical assistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously, as in a mirror, and she had a faculty developed as suddenly, for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some opium experiences of mine, I can believe. I have indeed seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which I am convinced is true, viz, that the dread book of account which the Scriptures speak of, is in fact the mind of each individual. Of this at least I feel assured, that there is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil, and that they are waiting to be revealed when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.—*Confessions of an Opium Eater.*

There are few roses without thorns, and where is the heart that hides not some sorrow in its secret depths?

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